

please don't ever become a stranger whose laugh i
could recognise anywhere by losingvienna

Series: byler soft fluff [1]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Bisexual Mike Wheeler, Boys Kissing, Christmas, Christmas Fluff, Cuddling & Snuggling, F/M, First Kiss, Gay, Gay Will Byers, Idiots in Love, Internalized Homophobia, Kissing, M/M, Mistletoe, Period-Typical Homophobia

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Holly Wheeler, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Joyce Byers & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-04-16

Updated: 2018-04-16

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:41:24

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,676

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

william byers can't sleep.

what does he do?

he goes straight to the window of the boy that he's in love with.

or:

mike wheeler totally takes will under the mistletoe by accident

please don't ever become a stranger whose laugh i could recognise anywhere

Author's Note:

hi y'all this is my first fic on ao3 and i usually write on wattpad so forgive me is this is complete shit!!!! anyways yes this is good i think??? idk. enjoy reading!! please leave constructive criticism as i am always wanting to learn techniques to better my writing!

lowercase intended.

william byers can't sleep.

what does he do?

he goes straight to the window of the boy that he's in love with.

it's around eleven o'clock on christmas eve when he wakes in a cold sweat, panting from the nightmare he'd had.

normally in this situation he would go and crawl into his step-sister jane's bed, but knowing that she believes that if you are awake when the clock strikes midnight on christmas day you don't get any presents from santa claus, he chooses not to bother her.

so he takes a moment to calm himself down, catching his breath, before throwing the covers off of his small body and tiptoeing over to the window.

he doesn't care that it's 23°, or that snow is descending from the heavens in thick white sheets. all he cares about is getting to the one person who makes him feel the happiest.

his best friend, mike wheeler.

he supposes that mike might be a little more than a friend to him, but he brushes it off whenever the thought comes into his head.

ever since mike had come up to him when he was sitting on the swings in kindergarten and asked to be his friend, he felt like he could trust him with even the most important secrets.

except, for some reason, he can't bring himself to tell his best friend the most important thing about himself.

he would practise in the mirror when no-one else was home, or when it was just he and jane at home, their parents out on a date, jonathan at college. jane was the only person who knew.

hawkins was a dangerous place to be homosexual.

but even if he did come out, nothing would change - except maybe his friends. he would still be called a fag. he'd still be shoved in lockers by the tougher kids in school (although pretty much the entire population of hawkins high fell under the category of "tougher than will byers").

he wasn't sure about how his friends would react, though. however, he was sure of one thing. jane would always be accepting - she liked girls and boys.

"guys, i'm gay."

he's lost count of the number of times he's muttered that into the mirror, slapping himself in the forehead after saying it. how could he ever tell any of his friends something like this?

he treads through the thick blanket of snow, his feet bare and toes quickly going blue. every time he exhales he feels his warm breath fall back against his face, sort of like a hot water bottle is momentarily touching his skin.

by the time he gets to mike's house his hair is covered in snow. he takes a deep breath before beginning the climb up to mike's bedroom window, which is on the second floor of the house. looking at his watch, he hesitates for a moment.

it is nearing quarter past eleven.

typical sixteen year olds would still be awake at this time of night,

their faces buried in a book or eyes glued intently on the screen of the small television set that their parents graciously set up in their bedroom. mike and will, and the rest of their friends, are not typical sixteen year olds.

he decides to climb up anyway. if he is quiet enough, and mike does turn out to be asleep, then he can slink away back to his house without waking anyone. admittedly, he knows that isn't a good plan. he wouldn't be able to get back to sleep if he went back home. no-one would be able to comfort him.

he climbs up to his friend's window, and surprisingly finds that it is open. will has no idea why, on a cold night like tonight, mike would have his window open. but he does, and will slips through the opening without making a sound.

he sees that mike is asleep.

shit.

he's asleep.

will had done this several times before - coming to mike's house in the middle of the night - until jane and her father jim moved in. he mentally corrects himself. dad. jim is his dad, not just jane's dad.

jane and jim - dad - had been living with will and his mother for a while now, so he hadn't come to mike's house, not being able to sleep, for almost a year and a half.

he doesn't make a sound until he goes to sit on the carpeted floor, when he suddenly falls back and lands on his bottom with a thud. mike audibly stirs. will freezes.

mike slowly sits up in his bed, causing his feet that were dangling off the end of the bed to pull up under the covers.

"will?" he asks, rubbing his eyes and then squinting. his voice is husky, and will can't help but notice that he obviously hasn't shaved in a few days. even in the near darkness, his slight stubble is visible.

"hi." will squeaks.

"hey."

they sit in silence for a few minutes. a few minutes eventually turns into several minutes, and before they know it, mike's alarm clock is softly beeping, indicating that it is midnight.

christmas day.

they're silent for a few more minutes before mike speaks.

"you okay?" he questions, concern evident in his tone.

will isn't quite sure how to answer this question.

"i, um, yeah, i'm fine." he pauses. "actually, no, no i'm not."

mike turns to sit on the edge of his bed, patting the space beside him, indicating that will should sit.

"what's up, whim?" will blushes at the nickname that mike had given him. he never really understood it - mike claimed that "if you say william really fast it sounds like whim."

he sits down next to mike, resting his head on his shoulder.

"i just- i keep having nightmares. and jane has this thing about if you're awake when the clock strikes midnight or whatever on christmas day that santa doesn't come or something like that so i didn't want to wake her up, and i remembered that when we were younger i'd come over here whenever i was hav-" mike cuts him off, wrapping his arms around the smaller boy's neck. will shrinks slightly at the unexpected touch, but soon puts his arms around mike's back.

"will." mike says seriously, looking into will's eyes.

"yes?" he squeaks again.

"do you want to tell me what it was about?"

"i don't remember." he admits quietly.

"that's okay. do you wanna go down to the basement?" mike suggests.

"remember we'd used to sleep in there all the time when this happened."

will says nothing, nodding as mike takes his hand and leads him out of his bedroom.

when they pass through the small doorway from the living room into the kitchen, making their way towards the stairs that lead down into the basement, mike suddenly stops and looks above him.

will's eyes follow mike's, and when he finds what mike is looking at, he lets out a gasp.

mike has accidentally led will straight to underneath the mistletoe.

mike didn't care much for christmas traditions, but karen wheeler did. and so every november, she would get the entire family (except nancy, who would still be away at college) to help her set up the decorations for christmas. and there was *always* mistletoe.

all of a sudden, mike *loves* christmas traditions.

as he begins to lean down, will's eyes widen significantly. this boy, michael wheeler, who had never let on that he might possibly like boys, is leaning down to kiss will.

on the lips.

will hasn't been kissed before, so he has no idea what it is going to feel like. thoughts rush through his head at 100 miles a minute. what if he doesn't like it? mike is probably just doing it because of the mistletoe. does mike like him? no, of course not, why would someone like mike like someone like will?

he's lost count of the number of negative thoughts that have crossed his mind - not that he was counting anyway - when he feels a pair of lips against his own.

they pull away all too quickly, and before will can comprehend exactly what his brain is telling his body to do, he goes onto his tiptoes and grabs mike's face to connect their lips again.

mike's lips are soft, contrasting with will's chapped ones from walking all the way between their houses in the snow. the first few seconds of this kiss are sloppy. both boys had never been kissed before now, so neither of them knows what they are doing.

will, a newfound confidence surging through him, starts moving his lips against mike's as the sound of their lips smacking fills the otherwise silent room. mike's tongue grazes against will's lower lip, asking for permission to enter his mouth, and will complies. his lips part slightly, and he feels mike's tongue inside his mouth, exploring every crevice, running over every tooth.

eventually will pulls back from the kiss for air, and a string of saliva forms and snaps.

"wow." mike breathes.

will's hands instinctively go up to itch his face after having been pressed against the spiky hairs on mike's jawline for so long.

mike heads down into the basement, his cheeks flushed, and as will is standing there, mind-blown, he can hear the sink in the basement bathroom being turned on. this is soon followed by a soft yelp of pain.

will slowly travels down the stairs that lead into the basement that they practically grew up in and sits himself down on the sofa. mike emerges from the bathroom with a cut on his cheek, otherwise clean-shaven.

"i, uh, i didn't want to hurt you, so i shaved." he admits.

he motions for will to stand up, and together they pull out the mattress that is underneath the sofa.

when mike's sisters walk down the stairs to the basement at half past six in the morning, nancy can't keep the grin off her face, and holly squeals.